

# Threshold

Creative Arts Magazine

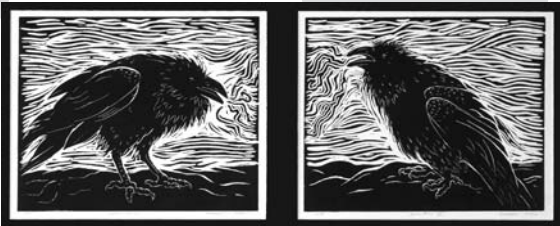


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THRESHOLD



Linoleum Cut by Renita Frost

CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE

Sculpture by Carol Russell



**ABOUT THRESHOLD**  
Threshold presents poems, stories, and works of art created by Yavapai College students. The layout and design were produced by the Graphic Design II and Magazine Production classes.

The magazine was created using Adobe Creative Suite 2 software on Macintosh and Windows systems.

Cover Design - Brendan Kelly  
Back Cover - Photograph by David Dvorak



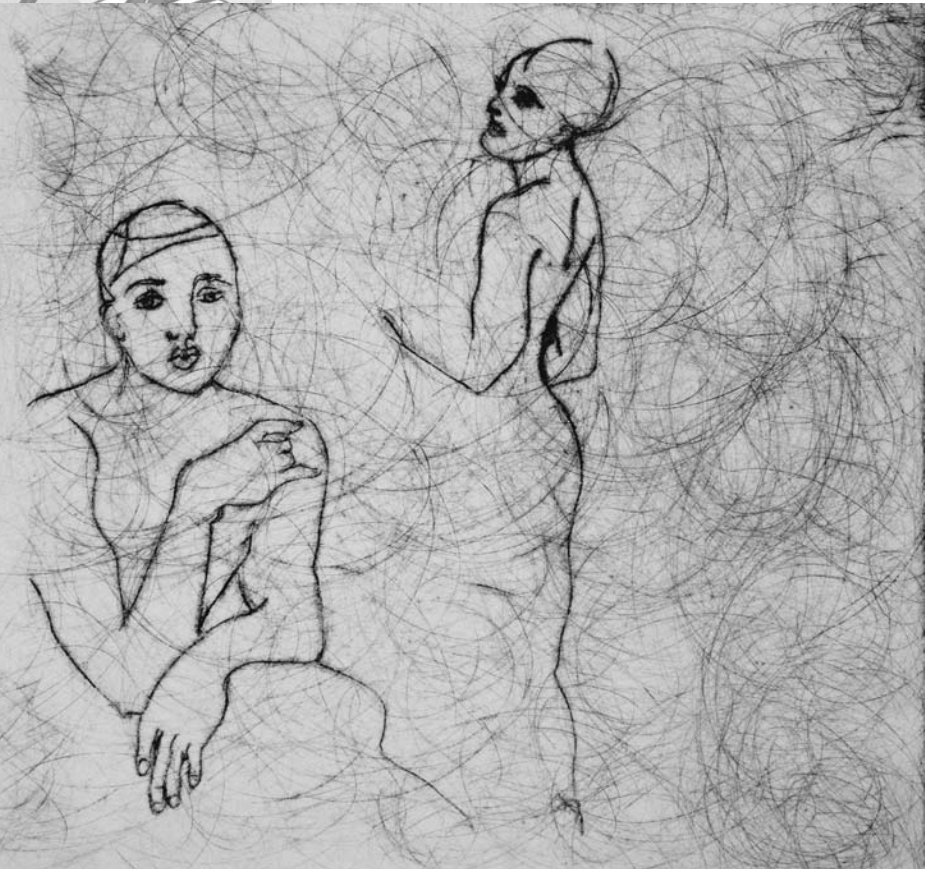
02

# Experiments in Magical Realism

by Lindsey Parker

He puts a little bit of his ex-wife  
in each cookie he bakes  
he chides the girl when she apologizes  
for having noticed this  
chagrining she walks to the shelf  
picking up a much loved album  
she puts it on the turn table and  
crawls inside the deepest  
vinyl groove to take a nap  
he pushes play as he walks by  
the needle drops and music mixes  
with the aroma of wives

Drawing by TK Ryn



# Science

by David Molnar

I've been studying death for 35 years  
Bones in the basement, blood in the icebox  
Skin, hanging in the hall closet

Microscopic necromancy yields no results

Among the remains of our dearly departed  
The matter of immortality has fled:  
This search is in vain.

Illustration by Shannon Flower







Painting by Carol Miller

# Rain

by Andrew Kuhry-Haeuser

The rain had fallen almost unceasingly since the weekend, on the day that Rudy had returned home to his mother’s house. The whole week before it had been drizzling off and on, but it wasn’t until mid-afternoon on Saturday that it truly began in earnest. May had even been forced to bring in her miniature floral arrangements from the porch, which had been placed there specifically in anticipation of his arrival, lest they might become damaged in the violence of the downpour. The rain fell hard and at an angle, and by late afternoon the effects of the storm had grown so pronounced that she was several times forced to take immediate action in order to avert minor catastrophe. She had retracted the patio awning and dammed up the front and kitchen doors, and when Rudy finally arrived at around 5:30, he was surprised to find his mother on the topmost rung of an extension ladder desperately fighting to dislodge a wad of rotten leaves from

the gutter. As she worked on the leaves, a smooth cascade of water poured over her head and arms and then ran down her back and around her legs, leaping off of her at the last in a desultory spray that coated the various wind chimes and garden sprites arrayed below. She had clad herself in a sou’wester and a much-too-large bright yellow slicker, and when Rudy pulled around the corner into their drive, he for a moment believed that an enormous canary had lit upon the house and was attacking it, executing its violent avian fantasies upon the crumbling shingles and frantically jiggling Christmas lights. It took the good part of a minute for him first to discover who she might be and then come up with a reasonable guess as to her probable purpose. And May was so intensely involved in her work and her senses were so completely disabled by the constant onrush of water that it wasn’t until Rudy had pulled up right in front of the garage

that she became aware of his presence. Rudy turned off the engine and honked twice. May raised one yellow arm and began to slowly work her way down to the ground, carefully placing both feet upon each rung of the ladder before she attempted to step upon the one below.

“Fancy meeting you here,” she shouted as she hobbled toward him. “You know, a fine-looking man like you is rare in these parts.” She smiled and he noticed the wrinkles that appeared around her eyes and mouth. They were deep and darkly defined, and never totally went away, even when her face was completely relaxed. He watched the rainwater pour down along them, running all together at her chin before it finally fell down to her chest in large, exploding drops.

“How’s it all been? How’s Newton?”  
“Fine. I’ll bet he’ll be glad to see you.” She paused and grasped his hand. “But let’s go in now, all right?” He assented and she led him in, lugging on her shoulder his overloaded

duffel bag. She closed the door behind them, and hustling Rudy into the kitchen, carefully replaced the bank of towels she had placed along the threshold.

“I’m really so happy you came home this time.”  
“Same here, I guess. I mean, I always like coming back.” Rudy sat slumped in a chair at the kitchen table and held a white mug of coffee in his hand. Newton lay on the floor beside him, his tongue hanging limply out of the side of his mouth.

“It’s just that...” She began to trail off but then righted herself. “I’m glad because this time is different. Since I have something to tell you, while you’re here.” May turned around toward Rudy, abandoning the spoon she’d been using to stir the soup.

She pulled a chair back and sat down. She smiled. “I’m going to get married again, and I need to tell you now so you can arrange to be there. I’d like you to give me away.”

Rudy started and sat up in his chair. “Well that’s something, I guess.”

“Yes.”

The rain hit the roof violently and created a low hum that permeated the house. It beat against the windows and disrupted the wind chimes hung outside. It clattered upon and washed through the drainpipes, and everything was made wet.

Sculpture by Paul Esposito





Two-Dimensional Design by Michael Lott



Sculpture by Jim Frost

## Tea Colored Kitten's Paws

by C. R. Brunner

Tea colored kitten's paws  
laughing in your lap,  
the strap of your shirt  
hanging from your shoulder.  
Late summer in the window sill,  
sunlight spilling to the floor.  
Your socks are dirty on the bottoms.  
You've probably been outside in them.  
Your finger in her mouth,  
sharp teeth and smiles.  
I'll do the laundry take your clothes off.

Ow! you say  
as she bites your breast.

Drawing by Paul Verburg







Drawing by Paul Verbung

# U

**verdue Books**  
*For Trudy*  
by Lindsey Parker

She has been working  
(non-stop) around the moon  
to get the job done this  
librarian so slight

she loves to sip wine in the stacks  
shelving copies of the bible  
under romance and science fiction  
giggling to herself in her sensible shoes

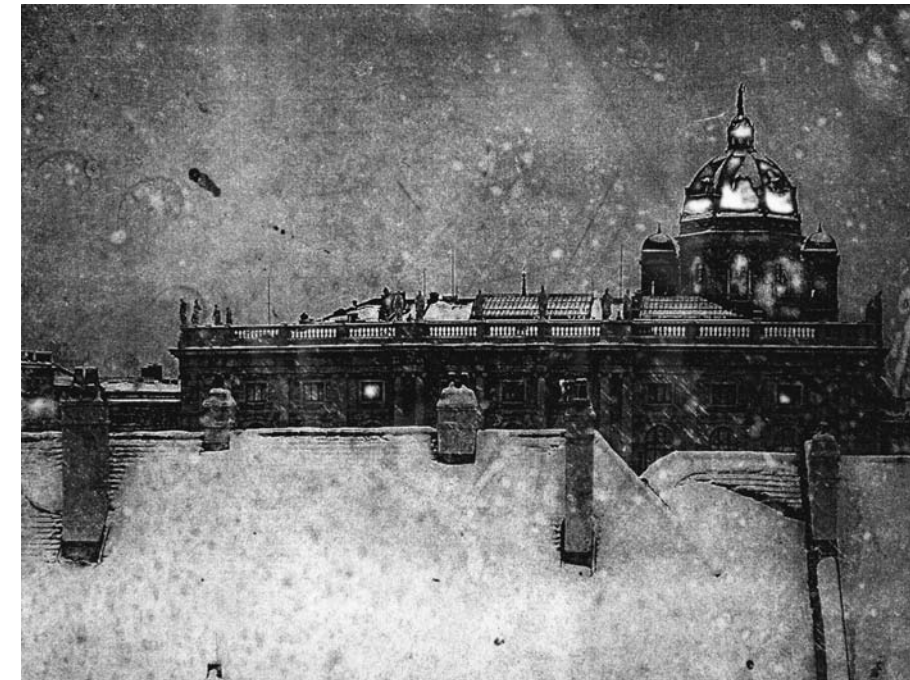
with her snow white hair  
and one prosthetic breast  
perfectly positioned under  
her cardigan I trust her to keep

my secrets during this Orwellian  
period we are wading through  
she is all wit and rebel a true  
believer in both freedom and

literature she appreciates the  
irony of a librarian battling  
macular degeneration she is stricken  
with delusions of grandeur

“...she is stricken with  
delusions of grandeur”

Photograph by Mary Lou Asaro







Sculpture by Laurie McKean

## Last Porte of Call

by Clare Hancock

I am waiting for you  
My love,  
In a field of golden  
Softness.

The Ocean,  
With her eternal waving,  
No longer forebodes,  
But welcomes  
My heart  
That had happily  
Lain in your  
Palms.

This place,  
No grayish hue of a  
World left behind,  
Only ivory sands  
Whispering to spent  
Feet.

A strange place  
Springing no hackles,  
But a sponge against  
Uncertainty of

Past  
Present  
Future

My love  
I am complete  
Standing still,  
Straight,  
In piece.

Movement like  
Water, flowing  
Effortless.

You are waiting for me,  
My love  
My sailor  
I am on the island,

The last Porte of Call.



Photograph by Cody Watson



Lapidary by Richard Tuckness



Ceramics by Connie Lechmanski

## Frozen Inside of You

by Jenni McClearn

There's an ice cage around  
the beating thing inside you.  
Frozen.

The once-warm flesh is winter,  
merely a solid,  
pumping iced poison  
through your veins.

It consumes me.  
What happened?  
I used to melt you.



Sculpture by Colin Waters



## Baptism at Bethesda

by Jonathan Hannah

Jason woke to the sounds of jackhammers and men shouting. The clamorous noise rose with the thermals and burned their way through the heavy blackout drapes that were closed against the heat and noise. The day had progressed slowly but the temperature rapidly soared well above one hundred degrees. It didn't help that many of the air conditioning units in the apartment building were broken. Combined with high humidity, the entire coast was melting like a glob of butter on a skillet, much like the eggs that children attempted to fry on the sidewalk. The yolks that survived the drop stared up like jaundiced eyes to the tall buildings surrounding their final resting place. As the workers progressed down the street with their shovels in hand, the eggs were trampled into a smeared ruin. Despite the heat, Jason had slept on through the day. It was now late afternoon and the sun was past its zenith. When he woke, he was drenched in sweat with a headache from the vibrating air, shimmering with heat convection currents. In the midst of his self-loathing, the sweltering air dried his throat and choked the breath out of him.

But all these things he didn't care about.

He was alone in his apartment. As he rose to get a glass of water, he felt around carefully with his hands for the cane he was now using as a guiding rod. Even after living in the same building for three years, everything seemed out of place to him. As his fingers grasped the smooth surface of the cane, Jason

thought back to when he had lost his eyesight only three weeks before. It had been an accident, an explosion at the foundry he worked for. Somehow, the blast furnace he was repairing built up and ignited a flammable gas. His surprise was so great that he failed to close his eyes and they were scorched tremendously by the intense heat. When he woke up in the Bethesda burn unit a thick bandage suffused his entire face. The doctors had told him in measured tones that they weren't sure if his eyesight would return. They were doing their best. Three weeks later, their best hadn't helped him to see anything.

“... all these things he didn't care about.  
He was alone ...”

As he made his way across the room, the end of his cane felt out the edge of the carpet and lead into the kitchen and its cheap linoleum tiles. As he bumped into the counter, Jason fumbled with cabinet doors, fingers searching for a clean cup. Retrieving the cup he turned to the sink and sought out the knob for cold water. He turned the faucet and filled his cup full and drank deeply, his thirst momentarily quenched. Feeling the cool water on his insides was a relief, like the plunge into the ocean on a hot day like this one. Jason put his cup down and felt across his eyes. The skin grafts were

still prominent and raised. Despite the aloe vera and lotions given to him, the scarring would never heal completely. Given enough time the swelling would go down completely and his face would have a regular shape, but that would not bring back his eyesight.

One girlfriend he had earlier on said that she was first attracted to his eyes. They look like clear mornings, she would say. Now swollen shut and scarred, no one could tell that he possessed pale blue eyes with golden streaking closer to the pupil. The glowing nature of them had turned some people off, but others would come to him from across the room. He had shared many a

conversation with beautiful women who had no interest in him save for his eyes. This is what he knew, and now his only tool in life was gone.

Jason filled his cup again and drank, turning on the fan for added relief. The third glass he poured didn't go to his lips but was held over his head and poured in a cold stream onto his hot and sweaty face. This is my baptism and new life, he thought. The water was running down his back and front now, cooling as it went.

Outside his window, past the blackout drapes, the men were still shouting amongst the noises of the jackhammers burning with the protest of the heat.



Drawing by Howard Bedingfield



I am six and it's two  
years until my parents' divorce.  
The sky is sunny and blue.

Two teenage girls from church stretch in  
their bikinis, dangle  
their toes in the pool.

I cannot hear  
what they say and am awkward  
in my one-piece.

I am alone  
in the water and push  
through it to see just how far

I can go. I let  
go of the edge and I reach out.  
Straining to keep my

lips above the water, I feel myself  
slipping. I swallow  
water, and it swallows me.

The sun shines above.

**Swallow**  
by Tiffany Phillips



Print by Maria Lynam



Photograph by Tobin Nidever



Weaving by Anne Marston, Ceramics by Cathy Cowen,  
Ceramics by Mary Schulte





Digital Illustration by Jeff Lowry



Sculpture by David Romo



McGuireville Dreaming

"The rivers flow sometimes in Arizona."  
-Anonymous (after William Stafford)

Late June  
Before the monsoon hits  
I lay on Dry Beaver Creek  
and wonder when it will try to drown me.  
The only things that flow above ground now are  
the wind and the hot air.

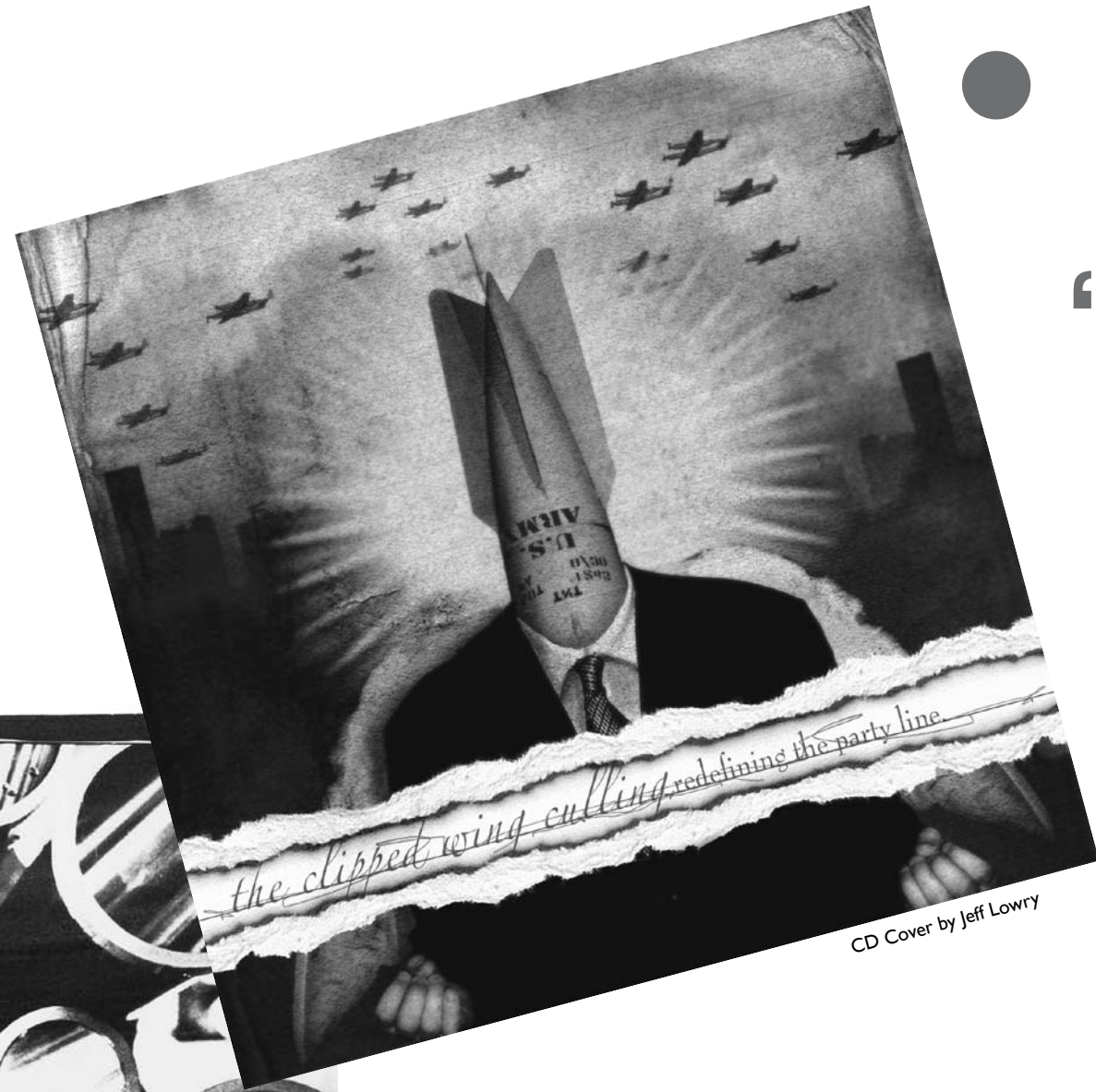
When the rains come, I will  
be doused in muddy water—  
a slice of bread in egg batter  
on its way to French toast.

But for now, I put  
my ear to the ground  
to hear the rumble of the river  
flowing a few feet beneath me.

by David Robert Boyce



Cyanotype by Laurie Hammond



*the clipped wing culling redefining the party line*

CD Cover by Jeff Lowry

“Life beats down and crushes the soul  
and art reminds you  
that you have one.”

- Stella Adler



Woodworking by Carol Russell



-h. von shleygal

Poster by Tyler Hanns





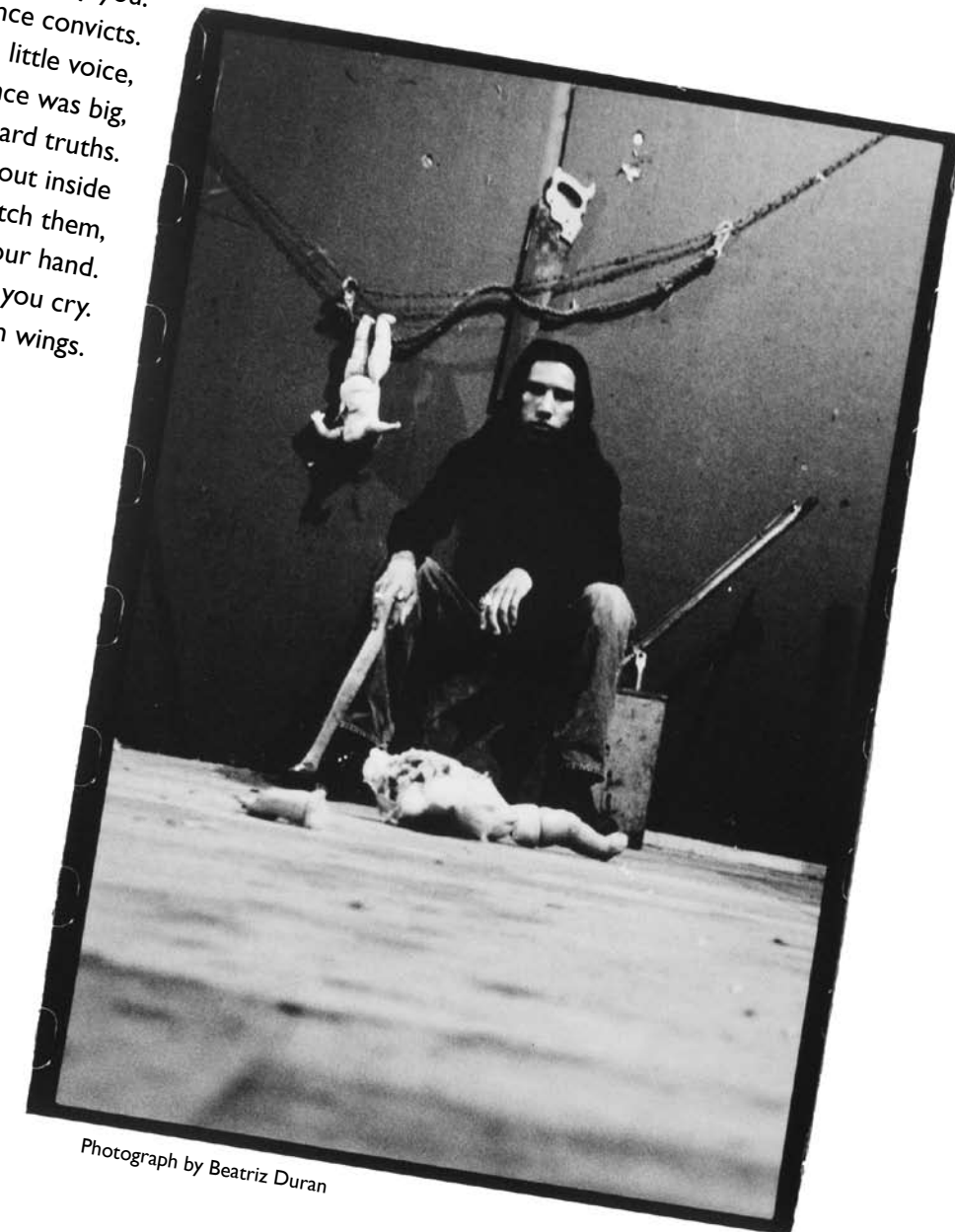
Photograph by Beatriz Duran



Hollow doll,  
pleasing facade,  
doing all you believe dolls do.  
You used to be different.  
You used to be open and full.  
Your thoughts betray you.  
Your conscience convicts.  
A little voice,  
that once was big,  
still whispers hard truths.  
They float about inside  
until you catch them,  
crush them in your hand.  
Trying to ignore the cries, you cry.  
You weep at broken wings.

## The Course

by Tinamarie Abbate



Photograph by Beatriz Duran





Photograph by Christina Horn

## How I Dress

by Brittny Rodgers

You look at me  
Seeing how I dress  
Making assumptions about what I do  
Your eyes trail down  
Seeing buttons that line up  
As cattle do on a trail  
Pressed jeans stiff with starch  
And then my boots  
Scared with the work that I have done  
And caked with the mud from the places  
Unseen by you

You think "Polished Hick"  
And question the extent of my education  
You think my life is easy  
That I am not literate  
That I do a little work  
And drink beer into the wee hours  
Of night  
As images of wild cowgirls seen on TV

Not seeing these hands  
Hands that have worked  
To mend fences  
Dig deep into dirt  
Handled rein and bit  
Hands that have doctored and raised  
cattle  
Hands that have written  
And have led to my college education

But look at my boots  
I know I am country  
But do you know the places I have seen  
And the words these hands have written



Photograph by Chris Breitenstein



## Road at Night

*For Gail at Twilight*  
by David J. Saccheri

I have passed this way before,  
seen this road in cold, in heat—  
in mud, an open sore.  
Admittedly, awash in morning light it lives reborn,  
but I have yet to see it  
in a better light  
than in no light at all.

As I walk on dirt and grass,  
the sky above it soars  
a dusk-filled pool of glass.  
Day has yet to come  
to pass, while I walk  
slowly down  
this darkened road.

The chirps of cricket split  
the air. First here,  
now there and there.  
Silence gives up  
in despair, as I wind  
thoughts around this empty road.

I have not seen darker trees.  
They stand tall  
and flat and black.  
Their branches laced  
in tapestry,  
they bloom  
as rounded silhouettes against  
a fading purplish sheet.

In the ink of home  
and holes of blackened branch,  
the eyes of houses show their life.  
With the golden glow of light,  
their wink of yellow warms  
the cold within my soul;  
leaves me reveling, smiling—  
perhaps blissful—  
in this secret that I know:

It's when walking lone  
upon this road, I have found  
the night's my home.  
To look in windows'  
blazing eyes,  
I see the many captured—  
trapped inside.  
I walk free  
with every stride,  
swallowed, melded,  
blue-faced, stealth-eyed  
cowl of night.

Photograph by James McCallon

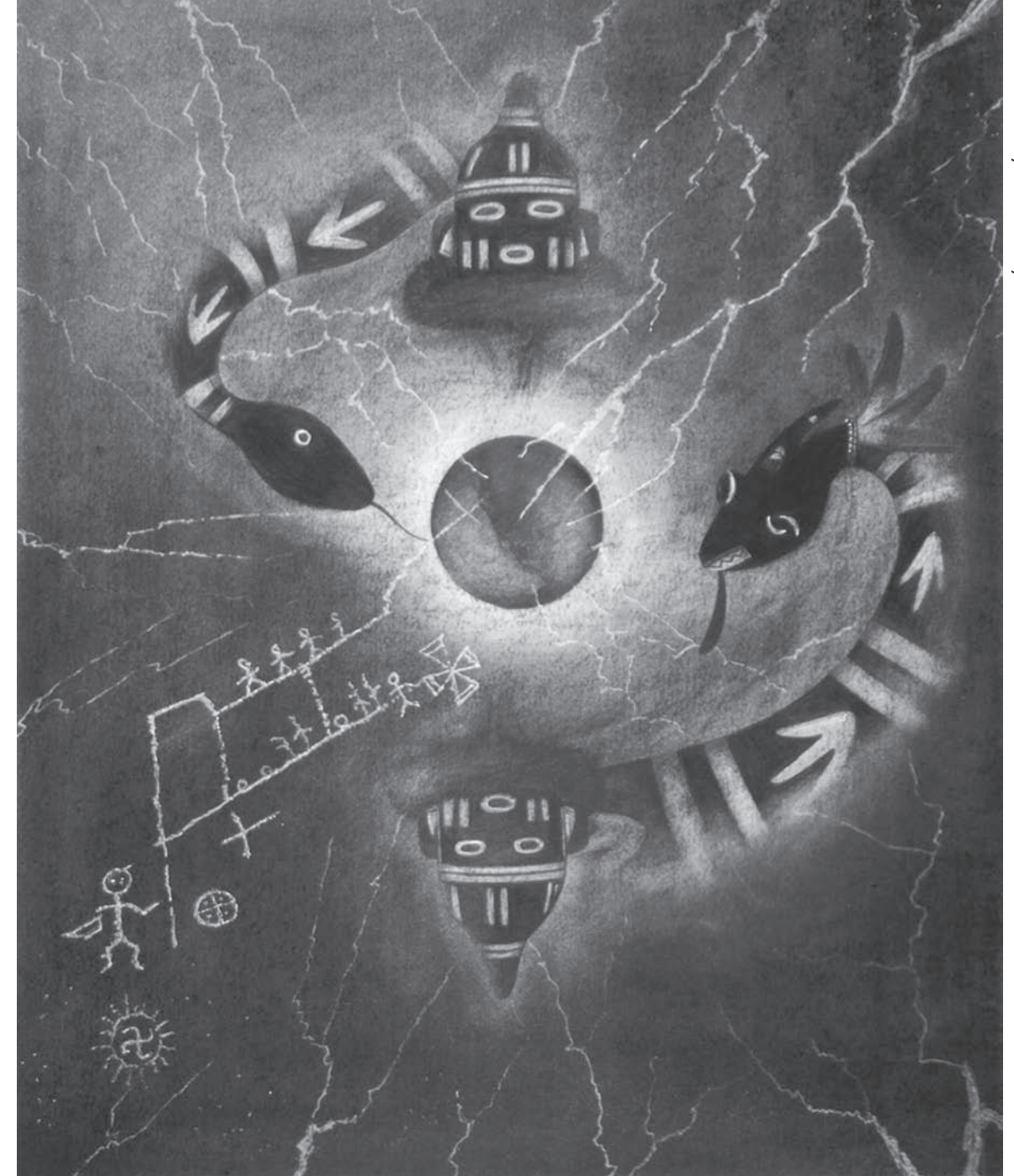


Illustration by Filmer Kewanyama

“The chirps of cricket split the air.  
First here, now there and there.”



# The Stranger

by Jenni McClearn

I.  
He remembered the  
New York City lights  
that painted her reflection  
in the window  
as she watched him climb into the cab,  
eyes drowning in smudge black  
mimicked by rain.

There was a time  
she could hold her own,  
standing in the doorway  
tall and thin  
with hips that curved  
like a fancy vase.

II.  
He watched her  
sitting there on the street corner,  
a stranger  
on cold concrete,  
under the street lamp,  
under the stars.

She had been hiding there.  
She was hiding there,  
inside of herself.



Painting by Filmer Kewanyama

Two-Dimensional Design by Becky McLemore







Woodworking by Cliff Novgrad

Ceramics by Cathy Cowen



# A rjen's Song-Mother Moon

by Sara Wolfe

Pull my bones  
And stretch  
My teeth.

Bring me back  
Home Mother Moon.  
Let me run through  
The bed of blood  
Fall leaves.

Bring me back  
Home Mother Moon.

Guide me through  
Your star filled  
Ruins and let me  
Fall at Your feet  
In the worship of  
Blood.

Bring me back  
Home Mother Moon.



Drawing by Paul Verburg





Photograph by Michael Jones

**Untitled**  
by Carrie Anne Riley

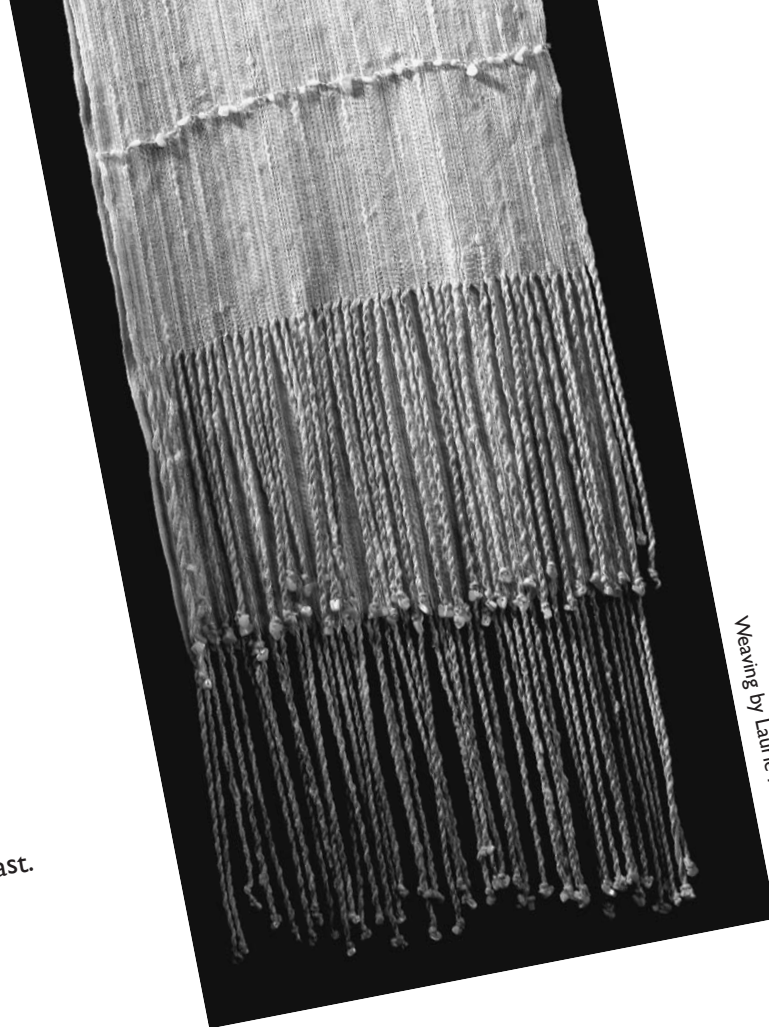
What if I am not a shadow?  
A silhouette, blackened  
Against the sun bright wall?

An old soul in the past,  
Whispering memories to myself  
To make me remember  
As I drift to sleep.

Did I play among  
The high kings  
Or did I play for keeps?

These memories,  
Intrusive and demeaning,  
Push their way  
To my foremost cache,

As the long past  
Flutters into the twilight cast.



Weaving by Laurie Hoover



Sculpture by Brendan Kelly

Lapidary by Charlotte Ewalt, Jewelry by Nancy A. Pettit, Weaving by Sallie S. Dillian





## Tuna Steak

by Andrew Kuhry-Haeuser

"Ah, finally. Thank you so much." Geoffrey bent forward and inhaled deeply as the waiter set the plate of tuna steak in front of him. "I really do love this place." They had been seated at a small round table in the back, right next to the kitchen. It wasn't the table they would have chosen, but Geoffrey had gotten home late, and lacking a reservation, this was the best available. Every few minutes a waiter would glide by, carrying a tray with other customers' orders: *papa al pomodoro*, or *spinaci saltati*. The waiters wore tuxedos, and their tails whipped up behind them as they hurried along. Whenever one passed, Susanna's face would contort sourly.

"Yes, well, that's why we're here, of course, isn't it?" she said. "Because you like it."

"Uh...yes, of course." He raised himself from the plate and smiled, but it was half-hearted, and receiving no response, he quickly returned to his food. He put down his half-filled glass of wine and, taking the steak knife in his left hand and fork in his right, proceeded to saw vigorously. Susanna sat bolt upright in her chair.

She prodded her spinach *tagliatelli* and stared at the candle, its flame flickering in time with her breath. Her forehead was wrinkled and very slightly flushed.

"You do seem to be enjoying that, don't you? You're going such gangbusters, I wouldn't be surprised if you accidentally swallowed the whole plate." She punctuated this with a short sarcastic laugh and a sideways flick of her hair.

"Mm, yes, it is good." He didn't look up, but continued to slice into the tuna steak, sheltering it with his bowed body. Susanna narrowed her eyes and continued.

"Really, I wonder that you don't have it every night, you seem so fond. We should go buy a whole tuna at the market and this pleasure could be yours all the time,

"You're going such gangbusters, I wouldn't be surprised if you accidentally swallowed the whole plate."

whenever you had the whim." Geoffrey paused but still remained hunched over his food. He didn't look up. "Hell, you could throw a party even, with tuna steak for everyone. You could show the whole neighborhood what a charming host you are."

On the last few words she spoke a bit too loudly and Geoffrey cringed. Then pausing, he uttered a barely audible sigh and gently placed his knife on the table, so that its cutting end rested on the fork. Straightening himself, he looked into Susanna's face. His neck had grown slightly red,

but he continued to speak calmly. "Come on. This is ridiculous—you know I don't like parties. And anyway, I told you that I only like to have it here, so please don't go on like this. I come here specifically for it."

"Yes, I'm sure it's so much better." Her eyes narrowed and she almost spat out her words, "You know best, darling."

"I—I can't get it right—I mean, there's just something about the way it's prepared. I don't know what,

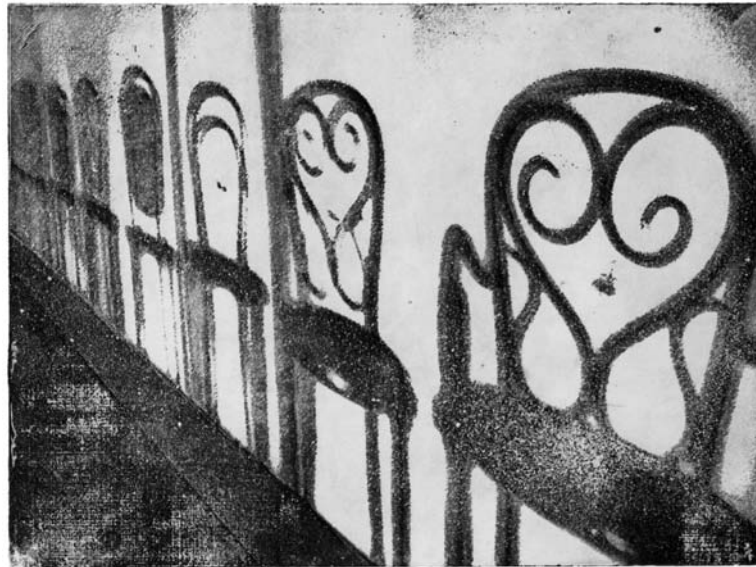
but it's different." As he spoke, his neck grew redder and redder. He clutched the table with both hands.

"Different! Suddenly you're a connoisseur. Ha! You're a pig! You come to a place like this to waste your time on that garbage, when you could choose anything else. Who goes to Umberto's to eat tuna? Christ, you're like a little child."

"Could you please save this for another time? This is hardly the place—" His neck was now crimson.

"And where is the place? Where is this *magical* place? Tell me...please. I'd really like to know."

"What? I have no idea what you mean." He released the table and, rapidly composing himself, returned to eating, but now more slowly. "I just wish you wouldn't make a scene. Whatever's bothering you can be cleared up



Photograph by Mary Lou Asaro



Sculpture by Gaye deCoux

later. But right now I would prefer to concentrate on the food."

"Your food. Sure...eat up. Gorge yourself on cheap crap. What do I care?" She began to rise from her chair.

"Susanna, please."

"No, that's fine." She suddenly looked very tired. She groped around for her coat that was draped on the back of the chair. "But I really need to—," nearly missing a waiter and his overloaded tray, "—to go now. Just make sure you don't wake me up when you get back."

"Susanna!" he nearly squeaked. He was halfway out of the chair and his napkin had fallen onto the ground. "Please..." But she was already out the door and walking down the street.

The subdued bustle of the restaurant continued as before, but Geoffrey didn't move. He stood stock still where he was for a long moment, in a low crouch over the table. The tuna steak was nearly half eaten and beginning to get cold.

The candle burned in its glass container, and the tablecloth waved slightly in the draft from the swinging kitchen door. As the door swung out and in, Geoffrey's profile rapidly changed from bright white to black to brightness again. The entire restaurant hummed with activity, with the buzz of hurried movement and eager conversation, but he and the small area around him were silent and still. He stared toward the door, barely breathing. Then, as though a spell had in an instant been broken, a waiter's speeding by rather too closely returned Geoffrey to himself. He looked around and, calmly taking stock of his surroundings, sat down again. He found his napkin on the floor and spread it neatly on his lap. Then he picked up the silverware, knife in the left hand, fork in the right, and cut a piece of the steak. It was cooked perfectly—pale but juicy. He raised the piece to his mouth and inhaled deeply. A smile stretched over his face. Then, quickly depositing the meat in his mouth, he once again bent over and cut into the steak. And in his enthusiasm, he thought out loud:

"Yes, this is the only place for tuna steak."



Illustration by Shannon Flower

## Dying

by Charles Hopwood

I have witnessed death  
taking the living.  
In that instant of passage  
his work is swift and silent. . .  
a breeze to a candle. . .  
a thumb on a remote.

Before that moment  
unseen but palpably present  
death hides in the corners  
for minutes or months  
awaiting His command.

For my wife's mother  
his seemingly ill timed presence  
was a provocation.  
In anger she challenged the dark angel. . .  
daring him to exceed his authority.

He being wiser  
allowed the full count of her days.  
And denying her the comfort of pride  
filled its seat with fear.

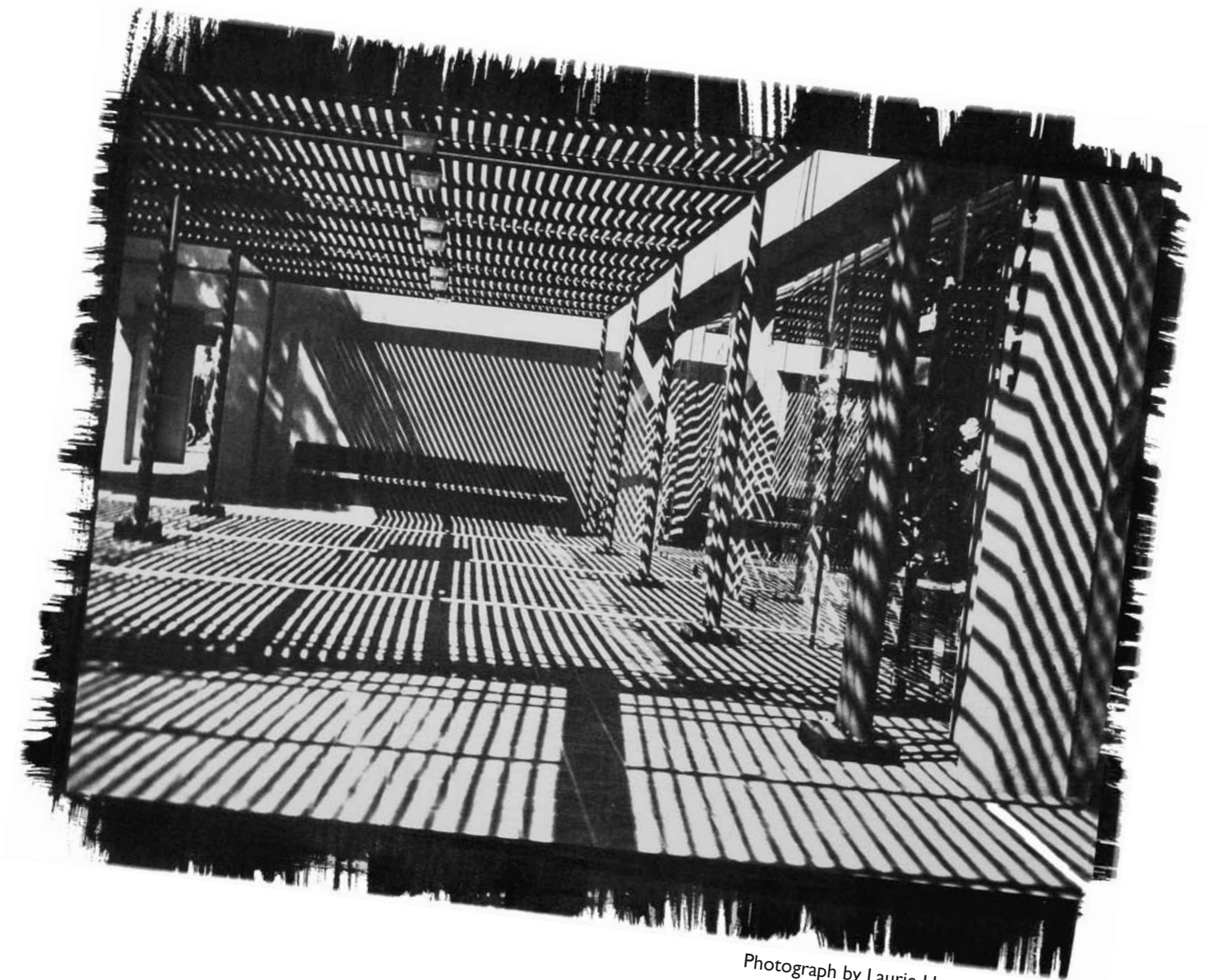
“ I have witnessed death  
taking the living. ”

## Salvation

by David Molnar

Fall mystic eyed night  
Silent gnosis waits above  
Unknown WORD unheard:

God comes softly here  
A silent Lynx on fresh snow  
Stalking Human Prey.



Photograph by Laurie Hammond





Painting by Mary Lynn Kunkel

## Prowling the Paths Primeval

*For Whitney. A Tigress.  
And others untamed.*  
by David J. Saccheri

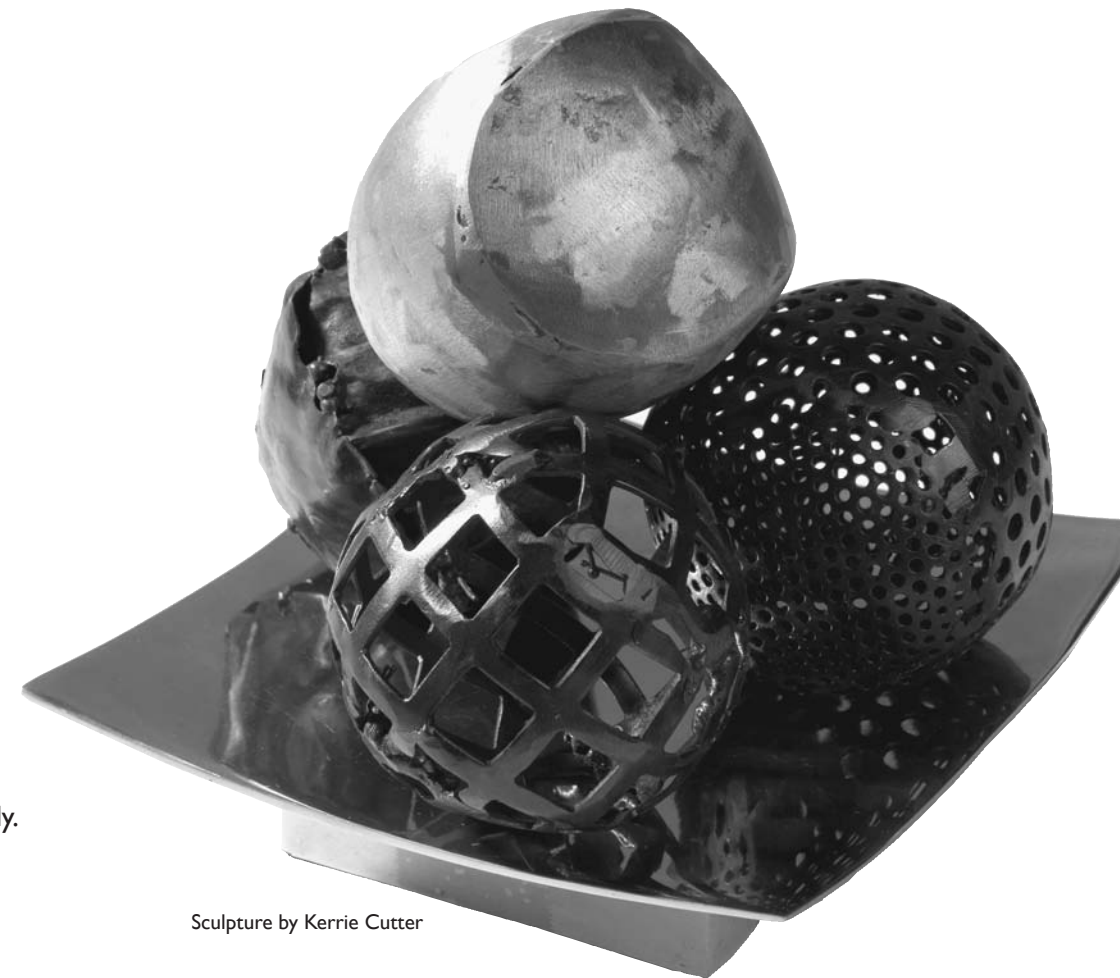
I am wild, a jungle beast!  
Sleek in silk,  
instilled with grace,  
I prowl the paths  
of father's proudest.  
I wear long the markings  
screaming lineage.  
Witness these,  
the stripes of my pleasure swollen  
red with welt  
across my back, breasts,  
and belly taut.

At will, I stalk to kill  
and lie long, I do—  
and low—  
then pounce upon my smitten prey!  
I've yet to clean the flesh  
Beneath these nails  
clawing sharp, unsheathed.  
I drew and tasted blood,  
immersed in passion,  
a frenzied mating dance.  
Lust-filled, we twisted;  
snarling kisses smeared  
his face, racked  
and contorted innocence  
sweating fevered child's heat.  
It was our bliss that drowned,  
imbibed was pitch, the pounding  
of unbridled tribal drums.  
We surrendered  
to a ritual long remembered:  
impassioned, in power,  
churning, burning, chanting,  
raging,  
oh, arced and aching—bleeding.  
His rage gave his strength;  
it arose to spasm  
bursting!  
Coupled with seed,  
poured in and out  
his primal roar,  
joined by his father  
and fathers  
before him and them.

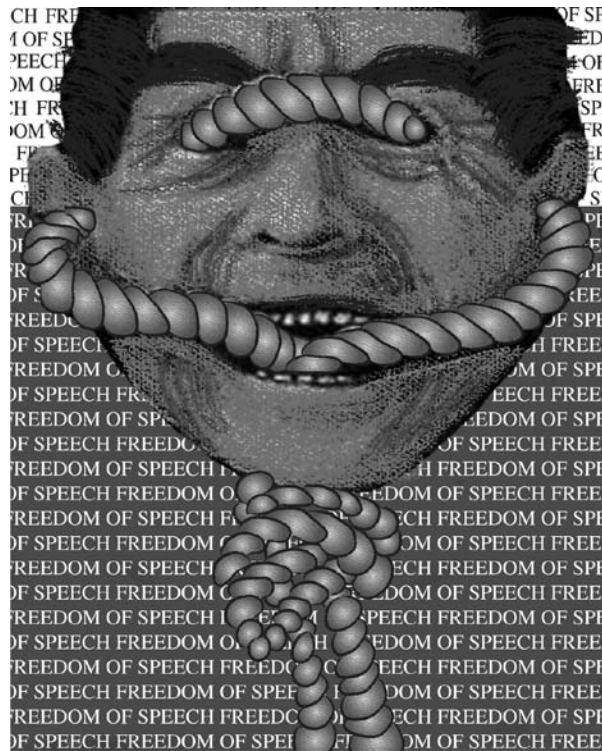
Yes, they that prowled  
these fertile grounds,  
danced this dance,  
beneath the passing  
of ancient faces blue in hue,  
from full to slivered phases.

My mate and I since strayed  
to shower,  
under train of raining falls—  
his first and last with me  
it will be—  
two lusty beasts  
were once consumed  
by bristling heat,  
given this  
the hot spring season.

Alone,  
I rest below a rakish tree;  
my shelter is perched,  
spread and dusted green  
in Eden's Garden.  
Found around is tall the straw  
with matted-yellowed grass.  
Thoughts spill of spent night air;  
grumbles low  
my pleased purring.  
Moisture seeps, its warmth deep  
within my fur, received.  
Weary,  
I yawn.  
Wary,  
I preen to glisten.  
Alert, my ears perked  
always listen—  
always.  
My teeth seem sharper,  
my eyes and ears keener still,  
and my arching back  
firmer than ever.  
I purr in tremolo.  
I have feasted,  
I am full.  
For now, I am sated.  
I am a gluttonous creature, wholly.



Sculpture by Kerrie Cutter



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